

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

THE DATTLE-FIELD AS IT NOW LOOKS

An Afternoon on the Famous Spot Where La
Drove Back Hooker with Terrible
Slaughter—The Place of Jack-
son's Fall.

Chancellorville is a desolate clearing on the southern edge of the Wilderness. Time wears here as when a hundred Virginians of the first families clinked glasses in the long dining-hall of the hotel, and many a day did Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe sit at the head of the table, and the world's surrounding them. But the plank-tables, the plank-boards, the plank-benches, the plank-chairs are gone. Coaches and four no longer shake dust from the shallow ruts of the pike and lovers no longer seek the cross-roads tavern, as the highway yawns to greet them. In the old days the hazy landscape of the Wilderness was a vast, open plain like a squat T. Around it on every side were level fields that stretched for a quarter of a mile or more while three important stage roads came together in front of the yard. Now only one-third of the old landscape remains. The two roads that used to have been reserved for battle, when fire and sword had to reach the rear of the army, have been nothing but bare walls, shot-shattered and bulging

shot of the thinned inn struck out five pieces of shrapnel—bolts that, as Mr. Oliver fears, may yet be found.

PLAY THE MICHIGIN.

Above these graves the old mill rent in a jagged end, near the roof, showing where she had knocked for admission as they passed in the night. The miller's house, a two-story building with a pillar, near which Hooker had the misfortune to stand when it was shattered by a round shot, was destroyed by the fire, and in the places of the pillars and roof were seen the twisted and charred ends of a scorch. In the yard the visitor sees the outlines of the old house, marked by shrubs, weeds and grass. The garden, which once was a garden, and stood near the porch, now swarms with garden beetles long since gone.

THE SPOT WHERE JACKSON FELL.

The spot where Jackson fell, the place where he lay with father, jag along a level road between the cornfields and came once more to where trees grew thickly on either side. Thus moving in the middle of the road, the visitor sees a large, old, gnarled tree to a big stone, planted steadfastly by the roadside. Cato is nodding, and I hit him a smart crack with a soldier's stick, and he says, "That's the spot where I saw the general of which I had seen studying the map." Hooker's shattered headquarters behind Cato gave a grunt and a jerk, and umbling, "I saw the general of which I had seen studying the map" to watch the change come over the Cato's.

"Thress my sotl, sah, uh am right heah."
"What's heah?" What's that stone for?"
"Donn yo' kno', sah, whut dat 'markable sto
am 'teudin' to 'memmerate?"
"No; what is it?"
"Dar's whar Gennul Stonewall was kilt. M
Tucker Lacey, de preacher up dar by Wildern
sto', he put dat a stone dar, sah."

I remember that Jackson clung to life for se
seal days after he had been wounded, but by

ther questioning I learned that this was the spot where the bleeding warrior fell from his horse, the very hog of his crowning triumph. The stone is a rough block of white granite, quarried here in the Wilderness. It stands three feet eight inches high and is two feet ten inches in breadth. The surface shows dents and scars, wherefrom loving pilgrims have scaled bits of it as relics, and around are smaller pieces of hard rock that have

Immediately around the stone the ground is small undergrowth, huckleberry bushes, chinquapins, and the like, but at a few feet it is enpassed by pines and oaks of large growth.

BULLET MARKS IN A RED OAK

Between two red oaks I found a red oak such size that it must have sprung up thirty years ago. I noticed a dozen or more bullet holes this oak, and asked Cato why they were there. His reply, that they came with the volley which Jackson was ordered to be dispirited by, was in full accordance of the holes.

"How can that be?" I asked. "The holes as though they were made within the last year."

"Easy 'nuff, easy 'nuff," Cato said, with hearty he-haw of laugh. "D'you see, see, sah, de ole man here, he say dat de ole folks 'en don't you see dat de visitors heah de pickin' wid dere pen-knives at dem bullet-holes fer relics?" Then I understood; the bullet marks had been kept fresh for nearly a score of years for the purpose of giving evidence in case of need to bear away with them the fellow of legend to those that feed their deadly war-

the first time grew weak! The silent woods around. The stone is as still as though the b

over it, Bucks and does rub lazily against and acorns, dropping from the boughs above, their cups as they crack against its brown sides.

WHERE PLEAMONTON TOOK HIS STAND.

Cato is asleep over by Jackson's stone as I lie out upon one of the Hazel Grove clearings, there than half a mile to the west. Will I rest here

among rank dock weeds that cover the mud
parapet the flesh creeps to think of the mad
dread that has been in the eyes of the
Night fades now as it did then. A red
looks through the tree-tops, and on the
evening eighteen years ago her light was not
across the fields of the moon.
sun. Twelve thousand panic-stricken men
pressing down the road, through the woods
across the fields, to the sea.
a face reckless of the fate of others. Flea-
ston, riding wildly on a horse hooked with
furies to stem the tide of Howard's flight and to
save the life of the man who had been his
He looks here and there for Keenan, and, find-
him, says: "Major, you must charge me
the life of the man who has been my friend."
Keenan!" The young Philadelphia, in peac-
softer-hearted as a girl, generous, chivalric
and brave, and with a heart as true as steel,
but if Pleasanton is willing to sacrifice his
arm the right arm is ready, and Keenan, with

Then Keenan takes a grip upon his horse and jocularly, "I'll tell you, my boy, these horses are as tough as the beast never felt before—nods as he paces Hired, and a moment, there comes a sudden change in the expression of his face that the three hundred pounds lately learned the great upsurge. But what terrible words he utters! "I'll tell you, my boy, these horses are as tough as the beast never felt before—nods as he paces Hired, and a moment, there comes a sudden change in the expression of his face that the three hundred pounds lately learned the great upsurge. But what terrible words he utters!

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